

The King by Piggie50

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Summary:

“I don’t want to marry him,” Steve whispered, looking down at his polished boots.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I took the "King" thing a bit too literally.

Steve couldn't fucking believe this. "What do you mean I have to marry him!?"

His mother pursed her lips from where she sat on her throne, his father frowning beside her, "We mean, son," he emphasized, "That King Hargrove wishes to marry you."

Steve clenched his jaw, "Yes, but why? We are at war with the Hargroves', it seems very unlikely that that would suddenly end."

Their families had been fighting for many years now, far before Steve had been born, and maybe even his father. Their neighboring kingdoms just couldn't seem to get along. Steve had always assumed that he would inherit his family's war. But now, it seemed that this was not the case.

Steve's father sighed and rubbed his forehead, a precursory motion eluding to his temper about to erupt. "King Neil is dead," he said bluntly, which was news to Steve, "his son has inherited the throne. King Billy seems to be a...different man than his father before him. It seems that he wishes to end this feud and to unite our kingdoms into a stronger front. And he wants to do this by marriage, between you and he."

Same sex marriages were not very uncommon in their realm, but Steve had never thought that he would be a part of one. In fact, he had always thought that he might marry Princess Nancy, from the Wheeler line. Their kingdom was a bit smaller than either the Harrington or Hargrove's, but it was a fertile and neighboring area. Full of promise.

But now, that promise seemed to have withered away and died.

"I don't want to marry him," Steve whispered, looking down at his polished boots. He remembered seeing Billy Hargrove once, many years ago, when their families had met with many others at a party of truce. The other boy had been golden of hair, but Steve remembered his eyes the most. Bright blue, biting and desperate. Hungry.

"What you want does not matter," Steve's father said harshly. "Our kingdom needs this Steve, our people need it." He knew just where to

hit. Steve loved his people, far more than his parents seemed to, and he would do anything for them.

“When is he coming,” Steve asked, voice soft and just on the side of hopeless.

His father tried for a smile, but it looked more like a grimace, “He will be coming in a few weeks. Just enough time to prepare for the wedding and for you to pack your things.”

Steve’s heart twisted. He had no intention of leaving his childhood home or his kingdom behind. “Am I still your heir?” He asked suddenly, eyes hard as he looked up at his father.

The man scowled, “What does that mean? Of course you are.”

Steve nodded, his jaw clenched, “Good.” With that he turned on his heel and all but stomped from the room. He would find a way to keep his kingdom from harm, even if he had to do it from afar.

“I don’t understand why you have to marry him.”

Steve shook his head and sighed from his spot in the stables, “Neither do I.”

His squire, Dustin, looked over at him from where he was brushing his horse, Dart, “Isn’t there any way for you to get out of it?”

Steve closed his eyes and leaned back against the stable wall, “No. And I shouldn’t want to either. King Billy is offering a truce, a way to end the war. I have to take it. It doesn’t matter what happens to me, as long as this works out.” It hurt Steve to say that, he was already picturing the horrors that might await him in the Hargrove kingdom. He could be raped, tortured, mutilated, or killed. Well...maybe not that last one. If Hargrove really wanted to unite their families, it might not be excusable to kill the person that was tying them together.

Dustin put the brush down and came to sit across from Steve on a pile of hay, “I can go with you. That way you’d always have at least someone on your side. I could even help to protect you!”

Steve smiled at the boy. Dustin was his best friend, even if that did sound strange. The boy had been with him for years now, and he knew all of Steve’s secrets and hopes and dreams. He never belittled Steve’s thoughts, even when they seemed impossible. He just wasn’t that type of person.

“If you really want to come with me I can arrange it,” Steve told him.

Dustin smiled widely, “Yes, yes! Think of everything that we can do!”

Steve swallowed, “Yeah. Everything.”

A week had passed too quickly, what with the servants packing all of Steve's belongings into numerous trunks and chests; his parents planning the wedding and drawing up contracts; and Steve moping on his own.

Today he had chosen to do his moping outside, riding his horse through the woods that surrounded the castle. The day was mild and pleasant, being the complete opposite of Steve's mood.

The prince was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he barely noticed when his horse wandered on its own without his guidance, going deeper into the wood and closer to the main path that trailed through it.

He was so out of it, in fact, that when his horse reared suddenly Steve barely had time to clutch onto the reins, his gaze darting around to see what had spooked his horse. There, in their path, was a fat snake, raised up and hissing.

Steve tried to gain control of his horse but its eyes were wide and terrified. Just when Steve thought that he might fall off and the snake might strike at his steed a shout came through the trees.

"Watch out!" As the call came an arrow zoomed through the air and struck the snake in the head, instantly killing it, its body writhing.

Steve calmed his horse down enough to feel safe enough to look around for his savior. He was intensely surprised to find a man there, his golden curls flying around his head as he lowered the bow in his hand. A smirk resided on his full lips, but his eyes seemed a bit cold. It was then that Steve recognized those eyes.

"King Billy Hargrove," Steve said, louder than he intended, his brows pinching together in confusion. "But...you've early. By a week."

The man's smirk grew deeper, "Nice to meet you too...husband."

To say that Steve was mildly confused and a little aggravated was a gross understatement. King Hargrove had not given Steve an answer for why he was wandering the woods in the Harrington's kingdom, a week before he was set to arrive for the wedding.

In fact, the other man seemed to completely ignore him as he had wheeled his own horse around and went to the forest path, heading towards Steve's castle.

"Are you seriously not going to tell me what you're doing here?" Steve called to him as he followed the king.

Hargrove tossed his head back, his hair flying back with the wind, "I would think that it would be obvious," he said.

Steve ground his teeth together. Five minutes together and this man was already unbearable. "Yes, it is obvious," the prince nearly snarled, "But the thing is, you're extremely early. My parents are not yet ready for your arrival." There, that seemed polite enough.

Hargrove tossed a look to him over his shoulder, "Yes, I know. But everyone knows that putting your enemy off guard is the best way to move forth."

Steve felt like hitting something. "We're not enemies anymore. You saw to that."

Hargrove pulled his horse to a stop, and turned in his saddle to look at the prince behind him, "Yes, I did. So, I'll say it again, it should be obvious why I'm here." His eyes roved over Steve, taking in every inch of him from his ruffled hair to his dark blue tunic to his dusty boots.

Steve bit the inside of his cheek, his nerves eating up at him, "Why... why are you here then?"

Hargrove's lips tilted up on one side, "Because of you. I've come to collect my husband."

Steve gulped.

After that daring proclamation Steve and Hargrove had gone to the castle, Steve glancing at the man in front of him every few seconds or so. He didn't trust him.

What kind of person arrives like this and says something so life-changing with barely an infliction in his voice?

But that made Steve wonder, what was it exactly that Hargrove wanted from him? Why had he chosen Steve to wed? He could have easily allied himself with a stronger kingdom and crushed the Harrington armies, yet he had not. It was very peculiar.

During these thoughts they had arrived in front of the castle, the spires rising from behind the tall wall that encircled it. Steve's heart leapt every time he saw a hint of his home. This was a safe hold, a place that decisions were made. Home.

The guards allowed the two of them to pass, seeing Steve with this stranger in rough clothing. It was another puzzles--a king dressed as a simple hunter. Was he spying? Or did he simply want to be left alone, away from all of the pomp? Steve too felt that way sometimes. He simply wanted to be.

Steve led his horse to trot ahead of Hargrove, leading him to the front entrance to the castle, the guards there looking surprised when Steve dismounted and asked them to take care of his horse. Everyone knew that Steve adored the task of caring for his steed.

“Come,” Steve said as he turned to the other man, “I’ll announce your arrival to the king and queen. I am sure that they will be most pleased to see you.”

Hargrove smirked at him, “You sure know how to turn on the charm princess.”

Steve grimaced but quickly smoothed his face into a polite mask, “Please, follow me.”

Without waiting to see if the other man really was following him he walked briskly up the steps and entered the great hall as the servants held the doors open for him.

Steve’s mother and father were seated on their thrones, listening to a counselor, when Steve came into the throne room, King Hargrove behind him.

The queen’s eyes widened and she gestured to her husband, who waved away the counselor and stood up, “King Hargrove, what a surprise. We did not realize that you were here, if he had then we would have arranged for a more welcoming entrance into our kingdom.”

Hargrove stepped around Steve and tromped right up to the other king, “Thank you, but that is unnecessary. I apologize for my untimely visit, but, I was so intrigued by my future husband that I could not stop myself from coming sooner than anticipated.”

Steve’s father nodded, though his mouth twitched while the queen held a hand up to her chest, obviously charmed by this young man. It was a bit annoying. Did no one see the obvious façade that King Hargrove had.

“It is understandable,” Steve’s father said, as though it were only a trifling matter, “You are most welcome here. I shall have a feast prepared for you right away. But, you must be tired, I will have a servant show you to your room.”

Hargrove’s spine seemed to stiffen, “I would rather it be Prince Steve, your highness. I would so love to talk to him more.” He said it through clenched teeth, but Steve’s mother smiled graciously.

“Yes, of course,” she said, “Steve, please show King Hargrove to the Rose Room. I believe he will be most comfortable there.”

Hargrove turned back to face Steve, that same smirk on his face once more. Steve gritted his teeth but said, "Yes, mother." He motioned for Hargrove to follow him out of the throne room, but not before catching his father's stern and suspicious face. Perhaps Steve wasn't the only one that thought that this was strange.

On the walk to the Rose Room Steve held his shoulders tense. He didn't like the way Hargrove's eyes wandered idly around the halls, his face bored looking as he observed the bright tapestries, luxurious paintings, and grand sculptures.

He did stop at a portrait of the current royal family in front of the Rose Room however, his eyes half lidded as he looked it over. "Not a very good likeness," he told Steve, "it doesn't get you quite right. You're much prettier in real life."

Steve made himself exhale slowly, "I'm sure that I can find a better artist to capture my likeness if that is what you'd like, your majesty." Hargrove turned towards him, "Why? I'll have the real thing to look at soon enough."

Steve couldn't help it, "Why do you want me?" He burst out, unable to stop himself.

Hargrove didn't seem bothered, in fact, he seemed amused, "You see, dear Stevie," he said lowly, "Since inheriting my crown I've wondered, what's the point of this war? My father reveled in it, loving the bloodshed, but I'm not him. If I want war I'll do it bigger and better. But for now, I want an alliance. And the easiest way to gain that is through marriage."

Steve inhaled deeply, feeling sick to his stomach at the previous Hargrove king, "So you don't even want me, you just want to be done with the Harringtons'."

Hargrove quirked his mouth, "I never said that Stevie." And with that he turned away, walking on down the hall.

Steve was left behind, feeling more confused than ever.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Just talking about marrying King Billy Hargrove had been one thing, but actually seeing the man, meeting him, talking to him, was another.

By the afternoon the entire castle, from the highest butler to the lowest kitchen boy, knew about the arrival of King Hargrove. His arrival had been unannounced and less than ideal, but his charming ways had clearly won everyone over.

Everyone except for Steve.

He still did not trust why Hargrove was here, but he had little time to wonder as he listened to the castle gossip and praise.

The prince spent the afternoon gritting his teeth and trying not to think too hard on his and the king's discussions--they had been childish and petty, and Steve expected more from himself, if not from the other man.

Chiding himself to not be goaded by the other royal Steve pulled on a fancier outfit for dinner, fixing his hair and putting on his princely sash and golden pendant. He was not trying to impress the king, he told himself as he strode out of his chambers, down the grand staircase, and to the dining hall. He was simply trying to make himself more comfortable in his own skin.

Yet all of his newfound confidence seemed to disappear as he approached the dining hall door, for there stood King Billy, his golden hair swept back over his shoulders, the red of his borrowed tunic making his eyes stand out even more so than usual.

He pulled a smirk when he saw Steve approach, "Ah, here at last. And here I was wondering if your mother might have to drag you down to have a meal with me."

Steve tried to keep his cool, "No need for any of that. I assure you that I am more than willing and able to spend any amount of time with you."

Hargrove bared his teeth in a grin that suited him far too well, "Well now, that's good to hear, especially considering our future."

Steve was very much trying not to consider it.

He gestured to the door, "Shall we go in? I'm sure my parents are

waiting for you.”

Hargrove tilted his head, “For us.” And in no way did that make Steve’s heart pound.

Gulping, Steve led the way inside, pushing against the doors to admit them in.

Steve’s royal parents were indeed waiting within the room, sitting at their respectable seats, some of the finer dishes laid before them. Already tureens of soup, platters of fruit, and a mound of meat sat before them, steaming and waiting to be eaten.

Steve motioned for Hargrove to sit across from his own chair, the man plopping inelegantly in his seat, his eyes watching Steve cross around the table with predator like intensity.

As soon as Steve sat down a parade of servants came forward to serve the royals, food and drink being passed around with ease as they all chose what they wanted.

After the initial bite and gulp of wine Steve’s father leaned forward in his chair, “King Hargrove, I’ve been told that your kingdom boasts some of the finest horses in the land.”

Hargrove chewed slowly on a piece of pork, “Yes, we do. But please, call me Billy. And I assure you, such horses will be found in both of our kingdoms in due time. In fact, my entourage is bringing a pair of stallions here for you, your majesty. As a gift.”

Steve’s father’s eyes glinted greedily. He had always appreciated the finer things in life perhaps a bit too much. “That is most generous,” he said, “And in return I plan to offer you some of the works of our finest smiths and merchants. It is my wish that you and Steve have a portrait commissioned to celebrate your union.”

Steve almost choked on his drink, “I’m not sure that now is the right time to discuss such things,” he tried to say peaceably.

His father shot him a look, “Nonsense. King Billy is not here under false impressions. I am sure that he is looking forward to the wedding.”

Across from Steve the young king smirked at him, licking his fingers, “More than you know,” he purred, making Steve’s insides shiver.

The queen watched this interaction with a raised brow, but quickly pulled her face into a more placid expression, “Is it true, King Billy that the women of your kingdom have access to education and the armory?” Despite being groomed into politics Steve’s mother had always been an advocate for women and free knowledge. It was a

passion that she had passed on to her son, though perhaps a bit under the sly.

Hargrove glanced over at her, "It is true. My...sister, Maxine, is quite the archer. She has studied weaponry since she was a small girl. I also have many women fighters in my army and household guard. You see, my kingdom does not classify strength as simply a masculine trait. In fact, it is more common to see women in the position of councilors and scholars than it is here. Strength is strength, and we aim to capture it."

Steve stared at him, oddly mesmerized by this small speech. It almost seemed to be a thinly veiled threat, but at the same time Steve admired it. He believed that inner strength often won out over physical, and it would be empowering, and freeing, to be in a place, among people, who believed the same.

Across the way Steve's father pursed his lips and took a sip of wine while the queen smiled dotingly, obviously under the spell of Hargrove's enchanting words.

"We have different views," Hargrove continued, idly rolling a grape in between his fingers, his gaze lifting up to meet with Steve's, staring straight into his eyes, and perhaps deeper. "And I hope that we can shell some of them."

Steve couldn't help licking his lips, his mouth suddenly too dry, his stomach flipping when the other man's eyes flicked down to watch the motion.

What was this that he was feeling, and why did this king seem to have such a hold over him already?

The rest of the dinner seemed to pass with relative ease, Steve's father making idle small talk while his mother cut in every now and then. For his part Steve remained quiet, trying not to make eye contact with the man across from him, whose smooth voice washed over him with a honeyed grace.

After dessert Steve was able to excuse himself, trying not to hurry from the hall, even when he felt the young king's eyes on him.

It was sweet bliss when Steve was able to escape, to make his brisk walk a run down the empty hallways, to finally be able to breathe.

He locked himself within his room, yanking off his royal vestments and stepping out onto his balcony, taking in deep lungful after deep lungful of air, attempting to find himself.

Here, looking out over his kingdom, out over the village, seeing the

lit fires and small houses, and past that the rolling hills and woods, like sentries in the night.

This was where he belonged, and this was where he wanted to be. Just talking about marrying King Billy Hargrove had been one thing, but actually seeing the man, meeting him, talking to him, was another.

He wasn't prepared for Hargrove, not for the way he spoke, or for the way he looked at Steve. Like he wanted him, and not just for the sake of an alliance.

It was all overwhelming, and Steve felt like he would break under the pressure of it all.

He closed his eyes and bit his lip, his hands grasping the balcony ledge tightly, holding on like it was the only thing that was stopping him from falling too deeply within himself.

He didn't know if he could do this. But he did know that he had to.

By the next morning word had come to the castle that the Hargrove entourage had entered the wood and would be at the castle gates before the day was out. It felt like a warning, a prelude to battle, but Steve's father had merely nodded and started calling out orders for more food to be prepared and for beds to be made up, like the entourage hadn't come a week early.

The whole thing struck Steve as wrong, but no one asked him what he thought, so he kept his mouth shut and went to that solar to be alone.

When Steve had been young his mother would sit with him in this room, looking over parchments, or sewing, or reading to him. It had been their special place, a place to keep out the world and its duties, at least for a little while.

Steve still found it to be a relaxing place, even if his mother didn't come here so often anymore. It was in one of the older parts of the castle, the places that people usually inhabit, the areas of storage and dust and mice. It was solitude in the best manner possible.

Sadly, it was also here that King Hargrove found Steve in the middle of the day.

The prince was sitting on a cushion near the window, his hand propping up his chin as he stared outside, dark eyes mostly unseeing, thoughts a million miles away.

He didn't notice the king come in, but he did notice when Hargrove spoke, "I suppose we're not going to talk about it?"

Steve whipped his head around to look at him, mouth hanging open, “Talk about what?”

Hargrove came to lean against the wall, arms crossing while one leg bent to kick a booted foot up against the old stone, “The wedding.”

Steve felt something inside of him niggle and squirm. “Oh, that. I don’t know.”

Hargrove tilted his head to look down at him, eyes heavy lidded and bored looking. But already Steve knew better. “We are going to get married,” the king said, voice holding an edge to it, “You know this, don’t you?”

When Steve didn’t answer he went on, “I find myself wondering how you’re not curious about how our future will work out. How we will work out.”

Steve swallowed thickly, “We will work out as every royal couple has before us. We will rule side by side, and we will strive to make our reign survive.”

Hargrove’s lips quirked, “You know, I like you Steve. You always seem to have a cutting edge. A hidden side. Most people I can figure out right away, but you, you I still haven’t quite gotten.”

Steve looked up at him then, curious despite himself. “Perhaps you’ll figure it out one day.”

Hargrove rolled his head to look up at the ceiling, “Maybe. Besides, I have a long time to work it out. In fact, soon I’ll have forever. Which, I think, will be starting very soon.”

Steve furrowed his brow, “And what makes you say that?”

Hargrove didn’t even turn to look at him, “Because my entourage is here.”

Eyes wide, Steve quickly turned to look out of the window. And sure enough, there was a line of men astride horses coming through the gates now, wagons pulled behind them, a flag flying high above, bearing the crest of the Hargroves. A red banner with a wounded heart upon it that seemed to drip black blood.

Steve’s own heart skipped a beat. His destiny had arrived, and he was powerless to stop it.

Notes for the Chapter:

Just to warn you now, chapters will be irregular.

Sorry.

But, I hope that you like this story so far, and please

do not give up on it!

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Hargrove looked at Steve then, his eyes like blue fire, “Call me Billy. After all, we are to be married in just three days.”

Since the Hargrove company had arrived early the wedding date had been moved up. In only three days Steve would be giving his life away.

So while the rest of the kingdom rejoiced and worked double time Steve took to escaping away to the stables and outdoors as often as he could, which was usually when he was not required in meetings of both the royal and groom type.

It was in these quiet moments of solitude that Steve fought to find himself.

Today, he was with Dustin in the stables, the younger boy feeding Dart while Steve brushed his own horse, a dark roan stallion fondly nicknamed BMW. His full name had been gifted to him by Dustin, Big Mouthy Warhorse. BMW was not really a warhorse, but the boy had only just arrived when he started calling the horse that, and the name stuck. Both Steve and the stallion had liked it profoundly.

“My mom has agreed to let me go with you,” Dustin said as his own horse took a piece of apple from the palm of his hand, “She thought that it would help me learn the value of hard work and appreciate the realms.”

Steve grinned at that. It would be hard enough to make the boy actually notice anything besides what he wanted to. But, he was glad that Mrs. Henderson had approved--the woman was a jolly maid, who was proud of who she was, and what she did. She was even prouder of her son, and this would no doubt make her heart soar.

“I’m glad,” Steve told him, petting BMW under his mouth, the skin there velvety soft and whiskery, “I’m very thankful that I’ll have you there with me.” He found it hard to look at the boy while he was being so serious.

Dustin seemed to understand, though he did glance at Steve, “I wouldn’t leave you alone like that,” he exclaimed, “Especially not when I know that I could help you!”

The boy truly had no idea. Attempting to take his mind off of his upcoming nuptials Steve looked around the stables idly, his gaze coming to rest on an unknown horse at the end of the block. “Whose horse is that,” he asked Dustin, giving BMW another pat before exiting his stable and crossing over to the other horse.

Dustin joined him. “Oh, I believe that’s King Hargrove’s stallion,” he said, eyeing the horse with a glimmer of interest, “He came in here the other day to give it a carrot. I don’t know its name however.”

Steve nodded at the answer. The beast was beautiful. It had a medium tone gray coat with a pearl sheen to it, which only enhanced its beauty. It must be one of the famous horses that his father had talked about.

“Camaro,” a voice suddenly said, and both prince and boy spun around to locate the source.

And there was King Hargrove, coming out from the shadows like some storybook villain, “His name is Camaro,” he said again, coming up perilously close to Steve’s side and reaching beyond him, eyes focused on his horse as the steed came up to him, its lips quivering playfully over his outstretched palm. Steve stepped back.

“A most...interesting name, King Hargrove ,” Steve said, trying to be polite. At his side Dustin was attempting no such thing, he frowned openly at the king.

Hargrove looked at Steve then, his eyes like blue fire, “Call me Billy. After all, we are to be married in just three days.”

Steve felt the sudden need to swallow. “Yes, alright...Billy.”

Something in the king’s face seemed to alight with hungry intent, his eyes roving over Steve’s face like he could find the answer there. But, after a moment he licked his lips and turned back to the horse, “Camaro means ‘lightning fire’ in my kingdom,” he stated, “Its from the ancient language of my ancestors.”

Steve blinked. A straight answer for once. How odd. “Does your kingdom often use its ancient language?” Steve’s people did not, though there were still some monuments and texts that could be found riddled with the strange dialect.

King Billy shrugged, “Sometimes in speeches, and such. In my coronation it was used. I only understood a few words of it.”

Steve couldn’t help but quirk a smile, “I can bet.” Dustin looked at him oddly.

King Billy cast a warm look his way, a look that didn’t seem to fit his cold exterior. “Hey, I’m not all that bad at my studies.”

Dustin snorted loudly, “I would hope not. Otherwise, what’s the use of having it?”

King Billy darted his eyes to the boy, almost like he was just noticing him. It sent a thrill down Steve’s spine to think that the king was so focused on him that he forgot all others.

“And who are you,” King Billy asked, his hand running absentmindedly down Camaro’s glossy neck.

Dustin pulled his shoulders back and stood tall, “I’m Dustin. Prince Steve’s squire, companion, and friend.” This proclamation made Steve smile fondly.

The king seemed to notice the look that Steve gave the boy, taking it in and calculating it. “I see,” he said, after a moment, “Well, in that case, it’s nice to meet you.”

Both Dustin and Steve were taken aback by this. Where was the rude king that had made such a fuss and mess earlier. Perhaps this was the charming side of him, the one that could manipulate and blind a crowd.

But King Billy seemed sincere enough before he turned back to his horse, pulling an apple out of his pocket, “I just came to give Camaro a snack,” he explained, handing over the piece of fruit to his pet, “And now I’ll leave you two to it.”

With that he gave Steve one last long look with his stunning pair of eyes before he turned and left from the same way that he had come.

The two boys stood in silence for a moment, listening to the crunch, crunch of the apple being bitten into before Dustin broke the silence.

“Boy, does he have it bad for you.”

Steve whipped his head to look at him, “What? What are you talking about?”

Dustin gave him a sly smile, “Oh, just the way that he looks at you is all. Like you hung the moon and made the nights turn into day. Actually, its kind of romantic.”

Romantic. That was not a word that Steve would associate with King Billy.

“You must be confused,” he told the boy, “This is just an arrangement.”

Dustin rocked back on his heels, “Just an arrangement that he arranged,” he boy said sagely. “Think about that.”

Steve did think about it. Maybe a bit too much.

So what if King Billy had sought out a marriage alliance with his father--it was not an unusual act, in fact, it was one of the more favored means of alliance. It helped to provide future alliances, blood to blood, and all.

But what about Steve had made King Billy want to marry him? It could be just his prospects, though there were far richer and larger kingdoms out there. Or perhaps trade routes, Steve's people had means that King Billy's did not.

Whatever it was, it couldn't possibly be that King Billy wanted Steve for Steve. They barely knew each other. They had never talked before he had arrived here. It really made no sense.

These thoughts plagued the prince all throughout the day and into dinner, his parents seeming to notice his quiet nature, while the young king kept casting him looks from across the table. Strange, concerned, gentle looks.

Steve told himself not to bother with them.

But it was difficult not to when, as they exited the dining hall, King Billy grabbed his arm, "May I speak with you?" Steve's parents cast interested looks over their shoulders, urging Steve to nod in response. The king steered them away from the royal couple, deeper into a darkened hallway.

"What's the matter," King Billy asked finally, letting go of the prince, "You've been acting weird all day."

Steve told himself not to ask. He wasn't going to. "Why did you choose me to marry?" Damn. "Out of all of the kingdoms, out of all of the available princes and princesses, why me?"

King Billy stayed quiet for a fair few moments, his dark eyes catching the sparse light and gleaming like a cat's. Then, "I saw you, at a ball a few years back. You were talking and laughing, but you didn't seem to really be there, in the room, not like the rest of them. You were different, like your thoughts were well beyond the rest of the room's comprehension, beyond their imagination. It drew me to you. I thought, what could this boy think about that makes him look and act like this."

Steve's breath caught in his throat, his eyes boring into the king's.

"I still don't know," King Billy said, "But I want to find out. And...if I never do, it's a secret that I would gladly give up, if it meant that I could spend the rest of my time listening to your other thoughts."

It was unbearable. No one had ever spoken to Steve like that. Not

with such sweetness, all while wearing a look of anger, as if the words had to be torn from the king's mouth, torn from his throat, and from his very core.

It made Steve want to do something, it made him want to do something craze.

So, he did, he leaned forward, in the dark, in front of a window lit only by starlight, and kissed his future husband.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

The dark had made Steve brave, but now, as his lips pressed chastely against his fiancés it also made him feel vulnerable.

Notes for the Chapter:

Tiny bit of self smut in this chapter. Hope you enjoy!

The dark had made Steve brave, but now, as his lips pressed chastely against his fiancés it also made him feel vulnerable.

King Billy wasn't reacting to his kiss, and Steve felt his stomach roil, urging him to pull back. He did. He didn't dare to look at the man in front of him, his gaze cast to the side as he clenched his fists by his sides and began to murmur, "I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't have—"

But he didn't get any farther than that.

King Billy surged forward against him, hands coming up to catch on Steve's shoulder and on his jaw, angling his head so that their mouths slid together smoothly.

They kissed this way for minutes, Steve trying to ignore the little puffs of air and noise that escaped him, that which seemed to urge the king on, his chest pushing against Steve's, making it hard to breathe. Making it hard to think.

After another moment the king pulled back, making Steve release an embarrassing whine and breathe out, "Billy..."

The other man's eyes glinted harshly in the moonlight, but Steve could tell now that it was a good thing, one that meant future kisses such as these, and more.

"I need to go," Steve stammered, heat burning through his body in ways that he had never felt before and could not for the life of him explain.

"Yes," Billy said, licking his lips, chasing the taste of the prince.

"I'll see you tomorrow," the other boy said, his own tongue mimicking the king's. The tender flesh tasted like him. It was addictive.

"Yes," the king said again, his eyes hooded and predatory. Too much and not enough.

Steve nodded jerkily to him before quickly turning on his heel and marching down the hallway, trying to ignore the gaze that was burning into his back. It was difficult to.

As soon as Steve made it back to his room he leaned against the closed door and breathed out a heavy sigh that he didn't realize he had been holding.

He could still feel the imprint of Billy's gaze upon him, and it remained even as Steve languidly tugged off his clothes, and continued to stay in his mind's eye as he laid down on his plush bed. He felt heavy, like his mind was made of fluff and syrup, trying to think but unable to as it was flooded with the color of lightning blue and a sense of heat.

Before Steve knew what he was doing his hand was trailing down over his chest, grazing over his abdomen, and down to tangle his fingers in the bush that resided over his lengthening prick.

He hadn't done this many times, and never to a singular individual. But now, it felt right.

He had tried not to think about the upcoming consummation that would no doubt take place, but now, now that he and Billy were reconciled, and he knew that he wanted the other man, he could think about it with less unease.

He would have thought the king to be too passionate before, too rough and harsh in his advances. Taking control over Steve as they laid in their wedding bed, clothes ripped off and discarded carelessly, tears springing to eyes as Steve forced himself not to feel too much.

But now, now that he knew not just the king, but Billy, he could picture something else.

Billy might be passionate, but Steve could imagine that he would show some restraint. Steve had never been bedded before, he had been ordered to remain chaste until his arranged marriage, and Billy would most likely keep that in mind as he took his new husband to bed.

Steve's breathing hitched and sped up as he imagined how Billy would hover over him, chests bumping against each other with every heaving breath, eyes meeting despite Steve's natural nervousness.

His hand wandered down to grip his cock, trying to imagine that it was Billy's hand instead, would it be rough with calluses? Most

likely. But it would be a sweet pressure, the perfect hint of roughness to add to the pleasure.

His hand began to move up and down, thumb brushing against his slit, tongue coming out to lick his lips, coaxing his mind into believing that it was the king's hands and mouth doing this to him, making him feel this good.

Billy would reign in his lust for Steve, no matter how tempting the prince seemed to him. He could control himself long enough to make Steve come first, letting him feel the perfect freedom of doing something like this with a lover. Then, he would see to his own needs.

Steve bit his lip as he thought of other things, too embarrassed in his own mind to even contemplate the actual consummation that he would have to go through. He thought of the way Billy's hair would no doubt cling to his face and shoulders, darkening with sweat, and curling into deeper ringlets. The way his cheeks and chest would flush with heat, the way his skin would glow in the candlelight, golden and tan and just right.

And his eyes...it was too much to imagine that. With a cry Steve found himself coming all over his fist, his seed wrenched from him at the thought of his future husband.

That made him feel dirty, like this was all wrong. But how could it be? Was it not better to be attracted to his future mate? Did he not have the freedom of his own thoughts, if not his own body?

No. He wouldn't contemplate the deeper things now, Steve decided as he collapsed back onto his stuffed pillow, his heart thumping loudly against his rib cage, as if it longed to break free and go to the own that it yearned for. And that was dangerous.

Forcing himself to push such thoughts aside Steve wiped his hand and softening cock off with his used tunic, letting it slither off of the bed as he rolled onto his side.

He tried not to think about what he had just done. And whom he had done it to the thought of.

And most importantly, he tried not to think of how he had come merely to the thought of electric blue eyes.

The next morning Steve took his breakfast in his room, too flustered to even think about sitting across from the king, seeing those accessing eyes that would no doubt see into the very heart of him, and figure out what he had done last night.

So, as he reclined on his bed eating a roll filled with butter and jam the knock on his door was startling, to say the least.

Heart thudding he called out, trying frantically to swallow at the same time, "Who is it?"

"It's your mother dear, may I come in?" That was most surprising.

After his call of agreement the door opened and in walked his mother, awfully put together for such an early time. She gave him an uncharacteristically warm smile before coming around the bed and sitting next to his outstretched legs.

"I've been meaning to talk to you," she started, her eyes roving over his face, "But with all of the wedding preparations I haven't had the time."

Steve inwardly rolled his eyes and thought, oh yes? And what is your excuse the rest of the time.

His mother looked down into her lap, where her hands rested. She stayed quiet for a moment, playing with the ring that Steve's father had given her as a wedding present. A golden band with an amethyst jewel. Steve had never seen her pay so much attention to it before in his entire life.

"I want you to be prepared for married life," his mother suddenly said, head tilting up defiantly, her pale face cast towards the window. "I realize that we woefully unprepared you for it, and I feel that it was remiss of me to do such a thing. I myself was not told what to expect of my wedding, or of my life after. I should have told you before, and for that I apologize. But now, I mean to rectify my mistake."

Steve blinked, taken aback by her strong tone, and at this news. He himself knew that his education on marriage was unfulfilled, but he never realized that another person felt the same way.

"You may not be happy in the beginning," his mother said, some of her defiance slackening, "You may find yourself lost in a new land, one that is foreign and perhaps even a bit hostile. But this will come to an end. Once you accept the people as your own, they in turn will accept you."

Steve had already been prepared to accept the Hargrove kingdom's people, in fact, he meant to learn everything he knew about them and join in their way of life. He did not tell his mother this, instead, he looked awkwardly down at the tray that remained in his lap, the jaw from his unfinished roll dripping onto the porcelain plate that it sat upon.

“I know that King Billy is charming,” the queen suddenly changed the subject, making Steve slightly dizzy, “But I worry that he may be... coarse when it comes to your wedding vows.”

Confused, Steve finally looked up at his mother, and was shocked to see a blush rising on her high cheekbones. It took him a moment to realize what she was talking about.

“Oh, oh mother, you don’t need to talk about this with me! I know what to expect!”

His mother avoided his eyes, “It must be said. Before he comes into your chamber you should prepare yourself with the oil that will be provided.” Steve squeezed his eyes closed and wished for the ground to swallow him. “-You must prepare yourself for a bit of pain as well. Many virgins find that-” Oh god.

“That’s enough of that!” Steve cried out, hands slapping over his ears, “I know all I need to now, thank you for that!”

His mother looked at him oddly, as if he had grown a second head. “I’m only trying to tell you, darling. Sometimes-”

“No, I’m leaving now,” Steve said, tossing back his covers and grabbing a spare shirt from a chair. He tugged it on forcefully, messing up his hair in the process, and not even caring.

“But this is your room,” his mother said faintly, but Steve was already out the door, yanking his boots on as he went.

Steve went to the gardens to try and forget the entire conversation that he had just had. It was mortifying to even think about his mother knowing such things, much less talk about it.

“Something bothering you princess?”

Steve felt the blush on his cheeks darken as the voice came from his left, his head turning against his will to find King Billy standing there, looking mouthwatering in a dark burgundy tunic and black breeches.

Steve groaned and turned back to look at the roses before him, “I just came from a highly embarrassing conversation with my mother,” he told the other man, instantly regretting it when the words were finished.

He could almost feel Billy’s grin. “Oh,” the king asked, “And what conversation is this? Nothing about weddings and beddings I hope.”

Upon seeing Steve’s blush spread to his neck the blonde laughed, “I

knew it," he chuckled, "Believe it or not I've had that conversation myself. Except, I already knew what to expect in bed."

Steve tried to keep his glare to himself, but his eyes betrayed him by turning their intensity upon the king.

On seeing this look Billy abruptly stopped laughing. "Wait," he said, suddenly breathless, "Are you telling me that you've never had sex before?"

Steve growled angrily and folded his arms over his chest, his fingers digging into his sides, "Look, the opportunity never presented itself, along with the fact that my parents decreed I should remain pure for my future spouse."

Billy's face seemed to darken at that, light eyes becoming hooded, "Are you saying," oh, even his voice was deeper, "That I'm to be the first one to ever touch you in such a manner?"

Steve swallowed convulsively, "Um, yes?"

A dark, hungry grin came onto Billy's face, a look that had Steve both shivering and wondering if he should search for safe cover. "Oh Steve," Billy crooned, suddenly stepping closer, molding his chest against Steve's side, "The things I'm going to do to you."

Steve's eyes widened as his blood quickened and hurried to familiar places, "How do you mean," he asked, nearly dreading the answer.

"I mean," Billy purred, "That I'm going to show you exactly what pleasure is like," he leaned closer to breathe the words hotly into Steve's ear, lips brushing against the lobe with no doubt nefarious intent. "I'll be so good for you," he continued, "And you'll be so sweet for me. I can tell."

Steve's breath stopped. How could someone say something like that in such a public place? Before he could ask however, Billy was moving back, his eyes still dark, and that predatory grin still on his lips.

"I'm looking forward to our wedding night even more now," the king told him as he smartly put his arms behind his back, looking for all the world like a proper gentleman.

Steve licked his suddenly dry lips, promptly not watching as Billy tracked the motion. "I wouldn't count on it," he snidely told the other man.

Billy's lips curled back with his laughter, revealing sharp teeth that made Steve ache. "We'll see," the king said, stepping back and turning slightly, "We'll see." And with that he was gone, leaving Steve panting and trembling to himself.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you liked it!! Thank you so much to all of my readers so far, and to every one who has left kudos and comments, every single one means so much!!

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

This was it. His wedding day.

Notes for the Chapter:

At last, the wedding!!! You guys, I wrote this chapter and the last one in one day...I'm so tired now. But, I hope you enjoy!

This was it. His wedding day.

Steve felt almost nothing as he woke early and began to dress, the beautiful ivory of his new suit a wedding present from the finest merchants of the city, a chance to showcase his people's work and make them proud. He wanted to do that.

Over a white shirt came a cream vest, and then a shining white jacket that was outlined in rich gold trimming. The breeches and boots were also white, telling of his purity and honor. Across his chest came a heavy sky blue sash threaded with silver and gold brocade. All in all he made a glorious vision, the perfect example of a royal groom. But, it was not yet complete.

Biting his lip Steve went over to the vase that he kept by the window. There, resting luxuriously in the sunlight was a single flower that he had picked yesterday.

It was an odd plant, one that only grew in his kingdom, one which decorated his family's crest and the castle's banners.

Red and veined with dark green it bloomed, thorns resting on the petals, as if daring anyone to come close. It exemplified beauty as well as bite, a perfect thing to compare oneself to.

Swallowing back strange tears Steve plucked the flower from its resting place and tucked it into the button hole, letting it drape down over his sash, sitting proudly over his chest.

This was it then. He was finished in his preparations. Now, it was time to finish this.

The royal chapel had been vainly decorated with streaming banners

of both the Hargrove and Harrington variety, hearts and flowers blooming together into a strangely beautiful macabre display, promising intensity with every look the guests took.

Lovely flowers lined the pews, each bundle cast in a gilded vase, throwing colors and shine with every glance of light. The mass of candles bespoke of richness, for they were in mass quantity, wishing good fortune even when they were not needed in this semi-early hour. All of these things dared the guests to speak, to not simply sit in awe of everything around them. The guests were quiet, except for the whispers amongst themselves, waiting impatiently for the ceremony to begin.

They did not have to wait much longer.

From a side door stepped King Hargrove, decorated in a royal blue suit, which set off his eyes with clarity, along with a sash that was decorated with many medals and honors. His face was perfectly clear of emotion, his eyes trained on the very back of the chapel, right on the doors where his groom would soon emerge.

Steve tried not to wring his hands as he stood just outside of the doors that led to his fate. He felt like hyperventilating as he listened to the murmur of voices just beyond the doors, those that were no doubt whispering of him and his future.

From the side his father and mother came, the king adjusting his fur lined cape with a bit of unease, “Damn thing,” he murmured, his crown slipping down over his head as he moved.

Steve’s mother gently reached out to put it back into place, her own crown perched precariously over her brow, the gold and amethyst tiara twining with flowers and thorns. It was the queen’s crown, one that Steve had assumed he would give to his future wife one day. It looked like that crown would now have to wait for some time to be presented to another woman.

“There now,” the queen said as she finished with her adjustments, “Now, we will go in first, Steve, and then, after the music ends the doors will open, then the march will start up, and you will walk down the aisle.”

Steve dreaded walking alone, but he knew that he had no place arguing with tradition. “I know,” he said, trying to swallow down his anxiety, “We’ve gone over this multiple times now, mother.”

She smiled gently at him, as if sensing his distress while her husband reached out and took her hand, turning them to face the doors. The doors opened, and the music began. The two reigning royals stepped forward.

Steve bit his lip as he watched the two of them for as long as he could before the doors closed again.

After what seemed like forever the music stopped. Then, the doors opened once more, revealing the prince groom to the entire chapel as the wedding march sounded, chorusing with nary an echo up to the vaulted ceilings.

With a dream-like state of mind Steve started to walk forward, trying to ignore the hundreds of eyes that turned to stare at him as he passed.

Nervousness ate at his insides as he took one step at a time, trying not to notice the looks that were cast at him. Pity, distaste, hunger, greed. It was too much.

But then he caught site of Billy. His almost husband. With just a few more strides they would be together, and Steve would be safe under the weight of his gaze.

With that in mind he finished his walk, the music tapering away as he came to stand on the small platform next to his betrothed. Billy's eyes were on only him, their bodies turning to face one another as the chapel master began his opening speech.

Steve couldn't focus on what the man said, his head swimming too much as he stared at Billy, their hands coming up to clasp one another, the calluses on the other's hands a pleasant sensation, a wonderful hint of what would soon come.

Billy's eyes spoke of wonders as his lips opened to answer whatever the man next to them said. It must have been "I do," because a hushed murmur of awe swept through the crowd, making Billy's lips quirk in his sarcastic way.

Then, it was Steve's turn. His name was spoken, and upon the pause of the holy man Steve took a deep breath and said, "I do," just as he had been taught to do.

With that, a cry went up as the priest declared them wedded, the crowd standing and cheering, demanding a kiss.

Billy leaned forward, clearly happy to make the request, his head

tilting to the side to catch Steve's lips, the kiss chaste compared to the others that they had had.

After all, Steve thought to himself, they were in a church.

After the newly wedded couple had led the way from the chapel the entire procession journeyed back to the castle to the great dining hall, which had been cleaned and furnished specially for this event.

Steve still felt dazed as his new husband led him up to the dais on which a table sat, set just for the two of them. Billy pulled a chair out for him, and Steve sat, staring blindly out at the crowd, faintly noticing that his parents were seated just to the side of the platform, their crowns and jewels sparkling in the candlelight.

"We're married." The words had Steve looking over at Billy, the man grinning at him as he leaned close to the prince, his elbow on the table. "We're finally married, husband." He said the title teasingly, but Steve caught the way his eyes sparked at the word.

Steve licked his dry lips, longing for something to drink, "You finally have me."

Billy's eyes darkened with hunger and...something like worry at that, his gaze scouring over Steve's face before he turned back to face the crowd and stood, raising the goblet that a maid had just filled. "A toast," he cried to the silencing crowd, "To my new husband, to Prince Steve."

"To Prince Steve!" The crowd took up the call, eagerly drinking from their cups.

Steve demurely nodded at them before taking a sip from his own cup, letting the rich wine linger on his tongue before he swallowed it down. "You have clearly won them over," he told Billy as the man sat down, his full lips stained from his drinks.

"I wish to win you over too," the king told him, glancing at him with playful eyes, "And more."

Steve swallowed harshly as a series of servers came forth, laden with trays piled high with food, "I might need a little more convincing," he told his husband as a maid placed roasted pig upon his plate.

Billy turned his head to look at him, head tilting back, revealing his bobbing Adam's apple as he swallowed heavily. "I can't wait to convince you then," he said lowly, eyes half lidded and lips parted.

Steve blinked slowly at him, licking his own lips as their gazes locked before he turned back to his plate, "We'll see," he murmured before he picked up his cutlery.

The wedding feast seemed to go on for hours, course after course running through the hungry mouths of the people, music filtering through the air that was perfumed with wine and sweat. Steve grew lightheaded simply watching the party continue, the hot gaze of his husband doing nothing to help.

It was deep into the night when Billy suddenly stood, capturing the attention of the crowd. "I fear that we must bid you a good evening," he bellowed, catching hold of Steve's hand and tugging him up, "For now, we must away!"

The crowd laughed and cheered as Steve's face grew hot with the implication, his eyes staying on the ground as he and Billy took their leave from one of the side doors.

As they went down the hall the sounds of the celebration could still be heard, loud and bawdy songs filtering into the very stones.

Steve bit his lip as Billy tightened his grip around his hand, pulling him along through a series of hallways before they arrived at the room that had been prepared just for this night. Their marriage suite. Steve gulped as Billy opened the door and led them inside.

Notes for the Chapter:

You know what's coming now ;)

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

“Would you undress for me,” the king asked.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is it! The scene we've all been waiting for (me included)

The room was bathed in soft candlelight, the smell of lavender flowing through the air as Steve nervously took in the sight of the plush bedding and mountain of pillows that lined the bed. A window was open, the air stirring sheer curtains that billowed gently, as if coaxing to come closer. Steve let go of Billy's hand and did as the fabric bid, his eyes set on the moon that was visible, trying to completely ignore the bedside table that was stocked with a variety of bottles that were no doubt fragrant oils.

Steve tuned out his heavy breathing as Billy shut the door behind them, the loud thud seeming to echo around the chamber as Billy's boots clomped closer.

“Would you undress for me,” the king asked, prompting Steve to look over his shoulder at him, taking note of his dark eyes and clenched fists at his side, fingers twitching as if they wanted to take and grab, but were holding back. Barely.

Licking his lips, Steve turned back around, his gaze set on the moon as he began to unbutton his jacket, the fabric falling to the floor as it came off, followed by his sash, his vest, and finally his shirt.

He heard Billy's sharp intake of breath as Steve's skin was revealed. It made Steve's blood run faster, streaked with heat and unknown want. It was a surprise when a hand suddenly trailed its way across the prince's shoulder blades, dragging softly against the skin, memorizing and mapping.

“You're so beautiful,” Billy whispered to him, his nose running along Steve's shoulder before he pressed his lips to the boy's back, the pressure too hot and noticeable.

“I want to see all of you,” Billy murmured, hands coming up to stretch their way along Steve's ribs and down over his jumping abdomen.

The prince could feel himself becoming hard, his breaths rattling from his chest as Billy's hands moved down to hook into the band of Steve's breeches, fingers teasing down further until they brushed against the top of Steve's cock, making him gasp and rock backwards, right into his husband's body.

"You're so soft," Billy whispered to him, lips trailing up to kiss and lick on Steve's neck, prompting the man to groan and tilt his head to the side for more. "I've wanted this for so long," Billy told him as his fingers went farther downwards, easily grasping Steve's prick, making him gasp and tilt his hips, "I want to devour you Steve." Steve whimpered at that, biting his lip, "But I have to be gentle," the king went on, his lips right at the prince's ear now, nibbling and teasing, "I have to make your first time perfect."

With that proclamation he released Steve's cock and moved back, making the prince whine and open his eyes, turning quickly to find the king backing up to the bed, the bulge in his crotch obvious as he sat down on the bed, patting his thigh. "Come to me," he said, dark eyes starry from the candlelight.

Steve's wobbly legs took him to the man without thought, his body climbing on top of Billy's thighs, his buttocks brushing against the man's clothed erection.

"Tell me what you want," Billy said as he tilted his head back to look at Steve, who hovered over him, arms anxiously coming up to wrap around the king's shoulders, unsure.

"I-I want—" he couldn't say the things he wanted. It would be wrong. And so, so dirty.

Billy cooed at him, his breath brushing against Steve's lips as he exhaled, "What?" He asked, "What do you want?"

Steve whined and pushed his head into the crook of the other man's neck, desperate to hide his embarrassment.

Billy's hands came up to smooth down his back, hips tilting up to grind his cock against Steve's backside. "Do you want me to kiss you Steve? Just a few kisses and we're done?" Steve shook his head violently, hoping that Billy would stop talking and praying that he would continue. "Or do you want something else? Would you like me to suck you, baby? Is that what you need?" Steve's hips twitched pathetically, cock jumping at the suggestion, but his mind was picturing something else, something a bit more drastic.

"Oh..." Billy breathed, a grin on his lips, the sound of it now well known, "You want us to go all the way? Consummate our marriage in

the age old way, huh? You want me to stretch you open,” his fingers trailed down, one hand undoing Steve’s pants while the other hand tugged them away from the back, fingers reaching inside and brushing over his buttocks. “You want me to get you nice and slick, open you up so that you can take me...” Fingers crooked against his crevice, going down, down until a single digit pressed against the prince’s unused hole. He nearly jumped at the touch, but Billy wrapped an arm around his back and pulled him close to his chest. “You want to be taken apart in the way that only I know,” Billy taunted, the finger pressing down harder, Steve’s hole quivering before it gave, allowing the dry tip to enter him as Steve startled, his breath hitching in his chest, sounding like sobs as he squirmed in the man’s lap. “I can do that, princess,” Billy teased, “But all you have to do is let me.”

Finally, at the new feel of the pressure inside of him Steve threw his head back and cried out, “Yes! Yes I want it all!” Billy grabbed hold of him, lifting them both up off of the bed, twirling them around, letting the prince’s back hit the mattress, but that didn’t stop Steve from babbling on, his need more prevalent than ever.

“I want your fingers in me,” he sobbed, eyes cracking open to watch as Billy reached out and grabbed one of the bottles from the bedside table. He caught the fresh scent of flowers as the bottle was popped open, his thighs opening and closing as he writhed on the bed. “I haven’t ever had anything in me before,” Steve panted, too lustful to be embarrassed by his words. That could come later.

He listed to Billy growl as the man leaned over him, hands reaching out to roughly yank Steve’s breeches down and push them away, his grasp now falling to the prince’s legs and tugging them open, sliding into the space between his thighs, the prince’s legs now spread far out, kept their by Billy’s own powerful thighs.

“I’ve thought about this,” Steve told him, voice breaking as Billy poured the oil over his hand, his fingers becoming slick with the liquid, before that finger was back at Steve’s hole, the pressure somehow better with something to ease the way. “I wanted you so bad after the kiss.”

Billy snarled, adding another finger and making Steve yelp at the sudden action. “I went back to my room,” Billy growled at him, eyes and hair wild, “And I took myself in my fist and fucked it to the thought of you,” he told the prince, “I wanted to track you down so bad and take you then and there.”

Steve laughed, even as Billy spread his fingers inside his hole, the twinges of pain there sudden and new, "I might have let you," he teased, biting his lip and letting his own hands lift to tug at his hair, "I did the same thing," he confided, "I've never thought about a person before while doing that, but I thought of you that night."

Billy leaned down close to him and took his mouth in a kiss, a wild and hungry one full of tongue and biting, complete and wishful.

Another finger was added to the prince's hole, making Steve yelp into his husband's mouth before Billy pulled back, panting. He stared down at Steve for several moments, chest rising and falling rapidly as his fingers fucked the boy, watching him writhe on the bed, trying to get used to the new feelings that he was experiencing. Billy wanted to be the one that helped him decipher them.

"Did you think of this," Billy asked as he pulled his fingers out of the door, admiring the way that Steve's body seemed unwilling to give them up. "Did you imagine me fucking you like this," he asked as he watched Steve's hole flutter and wink, the pink muscle straining to find something to fill it again. Billy had something.

He grabbed the overtipped oil bottle again and shook the last of the slick onto his hand before he grasped his own cock, hissing at the cool liquid before he began to stroke it, coating the appendage with oil.

"Did you imagine my cock," Billy breathed out, licking his lips as Steve suddenly opened his eyes and stared up at him, lips bitten full and red. God, he was beautiful.

"No," Steve told him, a jolt passing through the king at the answer. "Imagination can't compare with truth," he finished, eyes flicking down to look at said cock.

Billy couldn't wait any more. Not with that answer.

With a cry he yanked one of Steve's legs over his hip before he spread the boy more, his other hand guiding his cock to the quivering hole, the pink mouthing at the prick for a moment before Billy pressed forward, sinking into the tight warmth that had teased him for so long.

He leaned his head back with a groaning sigh as Steve cried out under him, tensing up before suddenly collapsing to the bed. Billy looked down at him in wonder and was startled to find a streak of white across the boy's chest. The little prince had come from simply being penetrated.

Billy's shark like grin worked its way onto his lips and he could no

longer contain himself. He wanted to make his prince come again. With perhaps too much fervor he rocked his hips back before slamming into the prince, Steve's eyes rolling back into his head at the motion, hands twitching at his sides as he took whatever the king gave him.

“You’re my little princess,” Billy growled out as he thrusted hard and quick, sweat beading on his forehead and making his curls stick to his skin. “My little prince,” he continued, exhilarating in the feel of Steve’s insides clutching at him, prompting him to never leave. “We’re going to be together forever,” he moaned, watching with delight as Steve’s cock began to fill out again with the assault upon his prostate, “You’ll be my little king soon enough,” he said, reaching down to lick at the prince’s collarbone, “My King Steve.”

He gave another hard thrust into the boy and that was it. He felt his cock harden one last time before its release coincided with the spasming of Steve’s hole, the prince coming once more beneath him. Billy moaned long and loud, the tendons in his neck straining as he looked down into Steve’s eyes, their gazes meeting and completing the experience. It felt like sheer paradise.

As soon as Billy was finished he pulled out of Steve, his cock still trickling a trail of seed as he leaned down to look at Steve’s hole, giving him the full commentary on how flushed and swollen it was now, dripping seed, and how Billy would soon have to plug it back up again. Steve’s blush had refused to die down after that.

He felt strangely complete now, even as his backside ached, and the cum dried on his stomach and chest. He felt like he belonged here, in this bed, watching the man beside him come down from his high.

For Billy wasn’t just a king to him anymore, he was a man. An equal. And Steve knew that if he was Billy’s, then Billy was his too.

Something about this, about them felt like home.

The sounds of the party were still going on downstairs, and the scent of flowers was slowly fading away from the air as the open window aired it out.

Steve’s eyes caught the flower from his sash laying on the floor. It didn’t look sad, like it should. Instead, it looked like it could belong anywhere, like it would survive no matter what.

Steve glanced down at his now sleeping husband, and then out the

window again, his eyes catching the stars and the moon. They would be wherever he went, he knew that now.
This segment of his life was over, but it didn't feel like the end. It felt like a beginning.

Notes for the Chapter:

That...was probably the longest wedding night scene I've ever written. I hope that it was worth the wait!!
And now, this story is complete! Thank you to everyone who has read this and offered comments and kudos and bookmarks, you are all so wonderful (the Stranger Things fans are the best, so open and kind). I love you all!!

(Also, I wrote a Billy/Steve Alpha/Omega story if you are interested in reading that. Yes, there is smut. And angst. When is there not with these two?)